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lin, as fast as four horses could gallop. Ten hours, out of the forty-eight allowed to the condemned to prepare for death, had already elapsed. Our good attorney must now do the best he could within thirty-seven hours—it was fearful not to leave an hour to spare—to calculate time when it would just be merging into eternity. But we had good hopes. If horses did not fail on the road, going and returning, and if the Judge, and, after him, the Lord Lieutenant, could be rapidly approached, it was a thing to be done. That if, however!—I scarce slept a wink through the night. Next morning early I called on the clergyman whose sad duty it was to visit the poor lad in his condemned cell; he and I had been school-fellows; and he was a young man of most amiable character. He told me “his poor penitent” was not unfit to die, nor did he dread the fate before him, notwithstanding his utter anguish of heart at so sudden and terrible a parting from his young mistress. I communicated the hopes we had, and asked the clergyman's opinion as to the propriety of alleviating the lad's agony by a slight impartation of them. My reverend young friend would not hear of such a thing: his conscience did not permit him. It was his duty, he said, his sacred duty, to allow nothing to distract the mind and heart of his penitent from resignation to his lot: and should he give him a hope of life, and then see that hope dashed, he would have helped to kill a human soul, not to save one. I gave up the point, and ~~endeavoured~~ sought occupations and amusements to turn my thoughts from the one subject which absorbed and fevered them. But in vain; and when night came, I had less sleep than on the first.

Early on the second morning I took a walk into the country, along the Dublin road, vaguely hoping to meet, even so early, our zealous attorney returning to us, with a white handkerchief streaming from the window of his post-chaise: that idea had got into my head, like a picture, and would recur every moment. I met him not. I lingered on the road. I heard our town clock pealing twelve—the boy had but an hour to live, I looked towards the county jail, whither he had been removed for execution—the black flag was waving over its drop-door. Glancing once more along the Dublin road, I ran as fast as I could towards the jail. Arrived at the iron gate of its outer yard, I was scarce conscious of the multitude who sat on a height, confronting it, all hushed and silent, or of the strong guard of soldiers at the gate, till one of them refused me way. I bribed the serjeant to convey my name to the governor of the prison, and was admitted, first, into the outer-yard, then by the guard-room door, and along a colonnade of pillars, connected with iron work at either hand, into the inner courts of the jail. The guard-room was under the execution-room, and both formed a building in themselves, separated from the main pile; the colonnade of which I have spoken, leading from one to the other.—What had sent me where I now found myself, was an impulse to beseech the Sheriff, (whom I knew, and who was necessarily in the jail to accompany the condemned to the door of the execution-room,) for some short postponement of the fatal moment. He came out to me, in one of the courts at either side of the colonnade; we spoke in whispers, as the good and kind-hearted governor had done—though there was not a creature to overhear us, in the deserted and sunny places all around. I knew the Sheriff would at his peril make any change in the hour; but I told him our case, and his eyes brightened with zeal and benevolence, while he put back his watch three quarters of an hour, and asseverated, with my uncle Toby's oath, I believe, that he would swear it was right, and that all their clocks were wrong, and “let them hang himself for his mistake.” Our point arranged we sunk into silence. It was impossible to go on talking, even in our conscious whispers, one o'clock soon struck! The governor pale and agitated appeared making a sad signal to the sheriff. We beckoned him over to us, and he was shewn the infallible watch, and retired again, without a word. My friend and I continued standing side by side in resumed silence. And all was silence around us too, save some few most melancholy, most appalling sounds: one caused by the step of a sentinel under the window of the condemned cell, at an unseen side of the prison; another by the au-

dible murmurings of the condemned and his priest, heard through that window—both growing more fervent in prayer since the jail clock had pealed one; and a third was made by some person, also unseen, striking a single stroke with a wooden mallet, about every half minute, upon a large muffled bell, at the top of the prison.—Yes—I can recall two other sounds which irritated me greatly: the chirping of sparrows in the sun—and I thought that their usual pert note was now strangely sad—and the tick, tick, of the sheriff's watch, which I heard distinctly in his fob. The minutes flew. I felt pained in the throat—burning with thirst—and losing my presence of mind. The governor appeared again. My friend entered the prison with him. I remained alone confused and agonized. In a few minutes the governor came out, bareheaded, and tears on his cheeks. The clergyman and his penitent followed; the former had passed an arm through one of the manacled ones of the latter, and the hands of both were clasped, and both were praying audibly. My old school-fellow wept like a child. My poor client had passed the threshold into the colonnade, with a firm step, his knees kept peculiarly stiff, as he paced along, and his cheeks and forehead were scarlet, while his eyes widened and beamed, and was fixed on the steps going up to the execution-room, straight on before him. He did not yet see me gazing at him. As the sheriff appeared behind him and his priest, also bareheaded, I rapidly snatched my hat from my head. The action attracted his attention, our glances met—and oh! how the flush instantly forsook his forehead and his cheeks—and how his eyes closed—while cold perspiration burst out on his brow, and he started, stopped, and faltered! Did he recognize me as the person who had spoken kindly to him in his cell, before his trial, and perhaps with all my precaution given him a vague hope? or, was it that the unexpected appearance of a human creature, staring at him in utter commiseration, in that otherwise lonely court-yard, had touched the chord of human associations, and called him back to earth, out of his enthusiastic vision of heaven? I know not, I cannot even guess; *who* can? As he faltered, the young priest passed his arm round his body, and gently urged him to his knees and knelt with him, kissing his cheeks, his lips, pressing his hands, and in tender whispers manning him again for facing shame, and death, and eternity. The governor, the sheriff, and I, instinctively assumed the attitude of prayer at the same moment. But I hate to give a character of clap-trap to a real though wonderful occurrence, by continuing too circumstantially. Moya's “own boy” never even mounted the steps of the execution-room. We were first startled, while we all knelt, by as it afterwards proved—her shrieks at the outer gates: she had escaped from the restraint of her family, and had come to the jail insisting on being married to him “wid the rope itself round his neck, to live a widow for him for ever”—and next there was a glorious shout from the multitude on the rural heights before the prison and my one ceaseless idea of our attorney, with a white handkerchief streaming through the window of his post-chaise *was* realized, though every one saw it but I. And Moya, self-transported for life, went out to Van Dieman's land, some weeks afterwards, a happy and contented wife, her family having yielded to her wishes at the instance of more advocates than herself, and put some money in her purse also.—*Athenæum*.

#### O'KELLY AND KILDARE.

Having in our previous numbers given something respecting the Kildare family, we here present a story which is extracted from Mr. Hardin's “Irish Minstrelsy,” and which is probably not well known to the great body of our readers.

“In the year 1579, Fergus O'Kelly, of Leix, married the daughter of O'Byrne of Glenmalur, in the county of Wicklow. The young lady remained at her father's until a suitable *stone-wall house* should be built by her husband for her reception, there being but few stone buildings at that time in the Queen's County. For this purpose O'Kelly set a number of his tenantry to work. The building was commenced on a Monday morning in spring, it was completed on the Saturday following, and the bride was soon

after brought home with great rejoicings. This house was then called the week house, and its ruins are now known by the name of the old stone.

It happened on the following Michaelmas eve, O'Kelly's lackey, Mac Leod, was from home. On his return he found that *none of the goose* had been reserved for him. Of this he complained to his master, who desired him to settle the matter with the cook, or go to the yard and kill a goose for himself, but not to trouble him with such trifles. Mac Leod, disappointed and dissatisfied with this answer, departed, resolving to seek revenge. He immediately repaired to the Earl of Kildare's castle of Kilkea, where he remained until Christmas-eve, and then he told the earl that his master, O'Kelly, had sent to invite his lordship to spend the Christmas with him. The invitation was accepted, and the earl set out with a numerous retinue for O'Kelly's residence. When they came to the top of Tullymill, near the house, Mac Leod gave three loud calls or signals, as was customary with lackeys in those times. His master hearing them said, that wherever Mac Leod had been since Michaelmas, that was his voice, if he was alive. He soon after arrived and announced the earl's coming, who was received with due honour and attention. His lordship about Twelfth day began to prepare for his departure, and expressed the greatest satisfaction at his kind reception, and the friendship of O'Kelly, whose hospitality, and particularly the profusion of his table, he highly praised. O'Kelly observed that it should be more plentiful had he been aware of his lordship's intention to visit him. The earl surprised, asked if he had not sent to invite him. O'Kelly replied not, but that notwithstanding his lordship was welcome; and added that, as he had been pleased to remain until Twelfth day on his lackey's invitation, he hoped he would honour him by remaining until Candlemas on his own. To this the earl assented, but requested that as he had so many attendants, he might be at liberty to send occasionally to Kilkea for provisions. O'Kelly answered, that as soon as his lordship should find the supplies beginning to fail, he might do so, but not before. Accordingly the fare increased, and the banquets became more sumptuous than ever. When Candlemas arrived, his lordship departed with many professions of gratitude, having particularly requested that he might have the honor of standing sponsor for O'Kelly's first child, in order to cement the friendship that subsisted between them. Mrs. O'Kelly was soon after delivered of a son, and his lordship attended the christening, which was celebrated with great pomp and rejoicings. The house was filled with guests, and resounded with music and merriment; but the morning after the earl's arrival, the poor young lady and infant were both found dead. This melancholy catastrophe was attributed to the boisterous revelry and noise with which they were surrounded. O'Kelly's joy was turned into sorrow, but even this was only a prelude to still greater misfortunes.

Kildare remained for some time to console his friend, whom he invited to Kilkea until he should recover from the effects of his grief, offering him, at the same time, his sister in marriage, and proffering his service in any other way which might be most agreeable or acceptable. Unfortunately for O'Kelly, he accepted the invitation, and fell, an unsuspecting victim, into the snare which had been insidiously laid for him. A few days after his arrival at Kilkea, the earl took him to the top of the castle under pretence of viewing the surrounding scenery; and with the assistance of a few followers, whom he had placed there for the purpose, he cut off O'Kelly's head. This atrocious and treacherous murder was soon communicated to queen Elizabeth, as a meritorious proof of Kildare's loyalty in beheading an Irish rebel; and her majesty was so well pleased, that she directed a grant to be forthwith passed to the earl, of all O'Kelly's estates."

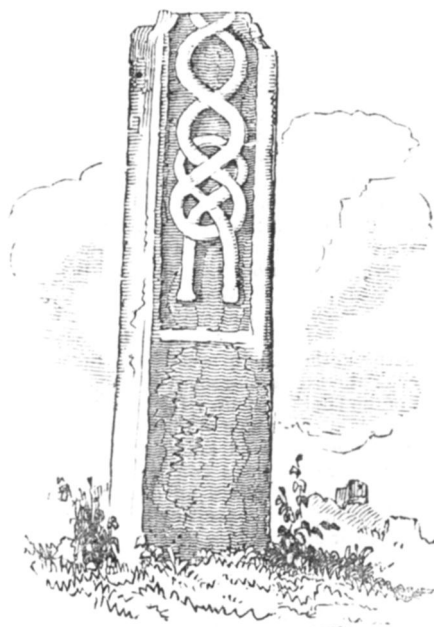
#### SWINE.

A good stock, and valuable breed of swine, are of great benefit and importance to the farmer, as they consume offal and other matters, which would otherwise go to loss: even from the refuse of a good garden a number of pigs may be fed. Brewers, distillers, millers, dairy-keepers, may

keep them to great advantage. In Ireland the pig is an invaluable animal to the peasant, where potatoes are grown in such abundance; and the small land-holders look to them as a great assistance towards the payment of their rents.

Some breeds are highly valuable compared with others, as being easily fed and fattened, and in respect to the quantity of meat they will return for a given quantity of food. Some breeds would fatten where others would remain starvings. The Berkshire breed is one of those most approved of (although not large) for the before-named qualities. The old Irish breeds are hard to be fed, particularly those with long legs, and ears hanging over their eyes, so as to prevent them from seeing, or their eyes from being seen. Where they have been crossed with the Berkshire, they have been much improved, but breeders should not follow crossing beyond one generation. Two Berkshires will fatten on the keep required for one of our large Irish breed, there being none that will thrive on less food than the former. They are easily known by the colour, which is a tawney white, spotted with black: their legs are short, and their bones small; they are very hardy and will live all the Summer well on grass, by turning them out well rung, or with the two strong tendons of the snout cut with a sharp knife, to keep them from doing mischief, and they will come in well conditioned, so you need do little more than harden the flesh that is upon them, as soft pork or bacon is not only bad for eating but the worst economy.

Cobbett, who is excellent authority on rural affairs, says that a pig cannot be fattened too highly; in this he is certainly right, where the bacon is required for hard-working labourers; but over-fat bacon is not generally approved of at the tables of the affluent; firm, clear, and moderately fat, being more esteemed by such. Oats, pease, or barley meal, must be given at least for three weeks before killing, to harden the flesh. Boiled or steamed potatoes, bran, offals, &c. will answer previously.—*Lambert's Rural Affairs of Ireland.*



ANCIENT MONUMENT  
IN THE HOSPITAL FIELDS, DUBLIN.

Our metropolitan readers need hardly be informed that the burial ground adjoining the Royal Hospital, vulgarly known by the name of "Bully's-acre," is probably the most extensive cemetery in the British empire. It has been for some ages the last home of the poor inhabitants of Dublin,